

ROCK POOL

If in abandoned peace
Darkle the weeded bride,
Her sparkle will release
The resurrecting tide.
Her splendors still increase
Where secret they abide.
What weed and waft withhold
Spills in a sudden roil,
So supervening seas
Start the eternal foil

Of phosphorescent gold,
Carmine and lucid blue,
Purer than earthly sky . . .
Under the cry and hue
The unsayable display
An infinite lift and stay
Betrays in hue and dye
When the weeds waver and part
Between a wave and a wave
An instant's calm apart.

Tracy Montminy